TROJA REDEVIVA:

OR, THE

GLORIES

OF

LONDON

SURVEYED,

Upon the Rebuilding of it after the Dreadful Conflagration; and Reſtoration of its Ancient CHARTER.

IN AN

Heroick Poem.

LONDON,

Printed for *Obadiah Blagrave*, at the *Bear* and *Star* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1689.

TROIA REDEVIVA,

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Surveyed in an HEROICK POEM.

WHen my *Parnassus* vanisht quite away,
And buried in her pretious Ruines lay,
Let Poetry, said *I*, and Verse expire,
'Tis *Nero* like to sing, whil'st *Rome*'s on Fire.
Our better *Rome*, that hath inspir'd more quils,
And made more Poets than the Grecian Hills,
I thought there were not left enough of dayes
Or Art, again such Monuments to raise,
Than what could *I* expect to write upon
When all my glory and my Theam was gone.

But see what willing hearts and hands can do,
Out of the *Phœnix* ashes springs anew,
Nay what is more miraculous I'le tell,
It rose almost as quickly as it fell,
And look'd so bright and lovely that you'd swear

Though all the heat and ſcorchings vaniſht were,
Yet all the brightneſs of the flames was there.
This minds me of the great and latter day,
When in bright flames we ſhall refine our clay,
When all the Univerſe ſhall thus expire,
And in more glorious Robes her ſelf attire.
How well too doth the ſimile agree,
The wondrous change was almoſt inſtantly,
When all the Town ran to the fields for fear,
You'd think that they on purpoſe did go there
Brick's for another building to prepare;
Twas not for gain their goods they ſav'd you'd ſay,
But that the Rubbiſh might be drawn away;
You'd think that they had left their former trade,
And now all Maſons were, and Bricklayers made,
Or like the Theban Poet, they cou'd bring
The ſtones to follow the harmonious ſtring,
Good lines, and brick, and verſe do well agree,
Johnſon did famous grow for all the three:
From *Babel* all the tongues and learning came,
And from this building my Poetique flame;
But ſtay my Muſe, the whole too much delight
Doth bring, and thou wilt ſurfet with the ſight,
Like *Icarus* thou ſtriv'ſt to reach the Skyes
But never mind'ſt how high thy wing's will riſe

Look on that large and famous Arch, and ſee *Temple Bar.*
Where ther's not ſubject great enough for thee
This like the title page doth well expreſs
In ſhort the volume of the Univerſe,

Look

Look through its Gates, where at first view you'l see
So much of splendor and of majesty,
That you wou'd think and have good reason for't,
Not through the barren *Strand*'s the way to Court;
In such a spacious Entrance we n'ere find
Our triumphs to be stinted or confin'd,
Here well our pageantry may pass, nay here
An Army may in its full ranck's appeare;
The City could have nothing braver meant
For her necessity or Ornament:
Look on the Imagery, and two Kings view
Made livelier then a Painter e're cou'd do;
I then to mind did *Ovid's* Fables call,
And thought his fancied stones begot us all:
Look with what Art and Majesty they staud,
Like the two Guardian Angels of the Land,
Surely said I a monument so fair
Show's well the workmans loyalty and care

But cou'd the flames, cou'd the Rebellious fire
Against the sacred Temple e're conspire,
When that can all the Nation keep in awe,
How comes it that the fire resists its law?
What cou'd no writ of error or Demur,
No Habeas corpus make the flames to stire?
When goales and prisons all had felt their force,
The Law must needs forego her ancient course;
The Templers thought this was the dreadfull day,
And all were trying what they had to say,
They did in serious consultation sit

Whether

Whether 'twere best to *traverse* or submit,
Their Oratory to no purpose came,
Their breath did onely blow, not quench the flame.
The old and famous Knights did ope their eyes,
And from their Monuments and Graves arise,
But when they saw it was a false Alarm,
They did themselves the second time disarm,
The cold Grave's better than to live too warm;
But now to nobler forms the building's turn'd,
You'd say indeed the Bricks were newly burn'd,
You'd think that out of love the flames came here,
That it might far more gloriously appear:
Before the structure was too low and plain,
The noble Company to entertain;
See and admire, brave Spirits, what for you,
The *Fates* and generous elements will do.

Go now my Muse, along the Streets and see
How rich and stately all their buildings be,
Ægypt with all her glories now lies hid,
Each house is nobler than a Pyramid,
The Structures lustre all their Shops out-vies,
Though there the Beauties bring their glittering eyes.
The streets are spacious, nor do Tradesmen care,
That a dark shop should recommend their ware,
Their gallant Spirits scorn their wealth should be
Gotten by fraud or servile flattery,
Let *Rome* this 'mongst her greatest honours bring,
That every Citizen's a petty King,
When all the wealth, that did her triumphs prop,

Was

Was not so gallant as a Goldsmiths Shop,
Cou'd she such mighty contributions yield,
Or bring so great an Army to the Field,
Whose bands are *Englands* Fate, and may with ease
Resign the conquest unto whom they please,
They need no Sentinels to guard their wealth,
Each man sufficient is, to guard himself.
Cou'd she such Temples raise with Heaven that could
For Prayers and height communication hold?
Observe how each Society doth Reign,
What spacious Halls and Councils they maintain.
And tell me if the Roman *Forums* be
Above them in their trade or gallantry,
On whatsoe're they lay their hands, as Old
King *Midas* did, they turn it into gold.
Look on their Hospitals, mark if before
You saw such stately lodgings for the poor
Strangers sometimes lay begging at their door.
Their Entertainments are so large and great,
When they their Royal Lord, and Court do treat,
Vitellius pride cou'd not such Feasts afford,
Though the whole world paid tribute to his board.
When the admiring world shall gaze upon,
What we do mean to do, and what we've done,
Just as the Guns scar'd *Montezuma's* Court
So this shall fright 'em with a meer report;
Rome brags she built our Churches first, 'tis true,
And so she did all our Religion too,
But if the matter was but rightly scann'd
They both do now on nobler Pillars stand.

But

But whilſt I let my wandring fancy ſtray,
My haſty Muſe had almoſt loſt her way;
'Look back on *Bridewel* the Majeſtique place,
Where the Great *Henries* famous pallace was,
Look and admire how our great Monarchs cou'd
Reſign their Courts to make their ſubjects good,
That they no more the idle drones might ſee
Rifle the treaſure of the careful Bee,
But that to live they honeſtly ſhould ſtrive,
For which their bounty gave a Royal hive:
God gave to man an active ſoul, ſhall he
Sit ſleeping then away his liberty;
When *Jaſons* ſhip had ſeen the worlds vaſt bound,
At length away unto the ſtarrs ſhe found,
There to ſhe ſayles, and nothing doth implore
For all her labours paſt, but to have more,
Juſt as the Heavens or years, ſo active men
After their periods turn about again;
You'd think that people willingly came there,
And did with joy their ſtripes and ſufferings bear.
To be lodg'd all ſo bravely as they are,
Juſt ſo the martyrs do their paines embrace,
As the true Keys unto a nobler place,
And ſurely this, if rightly underſtood
As well is for their ſoul's, as body's good;
Penelope might here enjoy her ſport,
And Uſe her diſtaff in a nobler Court,
And had her husband ſuch a pallace known
He ne're had travel'd but had ſtay'd, at home;
The kind and gentle Ladies of the Town,

Shall

That know the winning ſmile and feigned frown,
Say they were never bred to Spin, or made
To work at any low or ſervil Trade;
They think that ſloth and a diſdainful ſcorn,
Proves that they are ſoft, Court like, and highly born,
But 'tis *Ariadnes* thred, that they muſt ſpin,
To free them from the Labyrinths of ſin.

But hold, methink's 'tis a great deal of pity
We ſee not here the Bullies of the City,
Who on the Liveing, vermin like, do prey,
Sons of Corruption, born as bad as they,
Men of a valiant tongue, without a heart,
The Nations excrementitious part,
Thoſe that can cock their hats, look big, and ſay,
Foh, damn ye, and then proudly ſtalk away,
Though they'r abuſ'd, kick'd, cuſt, yet every word
Shall mince the world to *Attomes* with their ſword,
Thoſe that do live and prey without pretence,
On boyiſh and on country innocence;
who though unto no fortune borne they were,
Yet boaſt of Lands and Caſtles in the air,
Prince of that place although the Devil be,
Yet I dare ſwear they'r richer there then he;
If they were here they'd huff, and damn, and tell,
That they liv'd high and lodg'd moſt wondrous well,
For ſhoul'd I ask, well, how do'ſt like this place,
Faith, my gallants, I pity your diſgrace,
One turns about and takes me up in ſhort,
Courts make not Kings, but the Kings make the Court.

Like the Assyrian Monarch bravely we
Spin here amongst the little soules, and be
Beating of hemp, Boy, for such rogues as thee;
We live above the low and vulgar fry,
Henry was proud to sleep, where we do ly.

Thou that do'st fainting honesty restore,
And will not suffer any to be poor,
How great a work, brave City, woud'st thou do,
If thoud'st reform those Indian Devils too;
Take them though they with silk and ribbon shine,
For 'tis not bushes that commend the wine,
I've seen base Claret at a glittering sign,
The High-way-men on Travellers do prey,
These are the City Padds, and worse then they.

Lets now survey *Fleet* bridge, and view all o're, *Fleet Bridge*
How the kind water Kisses every door,
And vow's that fire shall tyrannize no more,
How gently in it comes, how smooth 'twill stay,
But murmurs when the Ocean calls away;
Look what great heaps of coals do there appear,
You'd think our seamen did *Newcastle* steer,
And like a floating *Delos* brought it here;
To see the doors where they put in their ware,
Twou'd make a Coward run away for fear
They were some towring vessels lower tyre,
For both a like doth send forth smoake and fire;
How willingly the waves do Northward flow,
That all their boundless Kindnesses may know,

See

See, *Holeburn* now a lasting trade maintains,
This water has quite wash't away her staines,
There a whole troop of Bailiffs liv'd before
Whose very neighbourhood makes people poor,
They fear their looks, and from their houses fly,
As if some deadly *Basilisk* was nigh,
Here, Here, sweet Fate, let those curst vultures prey,
For to the Gallows 'tis the ready way.

But hold, *Gray's* Inn doth all my rage beguile,
And forces on my Muse, a gentle smile,
Which like *Aneas* golden tree lookes well,
Amongst the melancholly shades of hell,
They Pump and wash the rogues, but 'twill not do
The Blackmore still retaines his dismal hew.

I know that some large soules live here, that be
The members of the great. Society;
They like the heavenly lamps do shine more bright,
In the obscurest, and the darkest night,
Where shou'd a Magistrate or Justice be,
But where they might awe fraud and villany,
Of contraries we all do know thus far,
That they their own best illustration are;
So *Lot* amongst the Sodomites did dwell,
And in the greatest plagues was alway's well,
And if that there a few Such now had bin,
They had attonement made for *Sodoms* sin;
Barbers and Toothdrawers must away be hurl'd,

Holborn may hold commerce with all the world.
The whiſtle-makers ſhall pack up their ware,
And brag hereafter that they once were there,
Huckſters with Pears, and Apples, Nuts, and all
Their ſtinking traſh, muſt leave the better ſtall,
Lemmons and Oranges ſhall keep their room,
To entertain the ſtrangers when they come,
Thoſe are that lovely golden fruit, which came
From the Heſperian Garden, we did tame
The Dragon firſt, and took the ſpoyl away,
Bringing in Tryumph home, the glitt'ring prey,
But hold, I back muſt to the water run,
This is my Muſes ſpring and *Helicon*.
The *Thames* has more immortal poets known,
Than *Danube*, Nyle, or *Tyber* ere cou'd own,
Rich *Tagus* ſands and old *Pactolus* ſtreames
Are fancies, and the Idle Poets dreams,
If e're ſuch rich and pretious ſtreames there were,
If e're the ſun ſaw golden ſands 'twas here,
And if you look for beauty you'd ſuppoſe,
'Twas from our chriſtal ſtreames that *Venus* roſe,
Look how the Bridges ſtride the River, ſee
How large and ſpatious all the Arches be,
Methink's they'r like to our terreſtrial ball,
They'r prop't by nothing, nor can ever fall;
Some build them ſtately monuments, that may
Preſerve their duſt, and treaſure up their clay,
Their name and honours they to marbles truſt,
Marbles that once ſhall crumble into duſt:
The ſtones there ſtand as uſeleſs as they did,

When

When in the idle quarry they lay hid,
I like thoſe men that have a large intent,
And care not for a Private monument,
But raiſe ſuch ſtately Fabricks that may ſtand,
The Everlaſting glory of the Land,
This will oblige Poſterity to ſave
Their Name, and noble vertues from the grave,

Paſs now the Bridge and view that plain which will
No more allow the name of Ludgate hill,
How did we ſtrive before, the hill to gain,
Though the rich ſight did recompence the pain;
He that wou'd bliſs and happineſs deſcry
With induſtry and toyl muſt upward fly,
But whatſoever the City undertakes
An univerſal happineſs ſhe makes;
Let *Xerxes* brag, that his almighty hand
Could level *Athos*, and the ſeas command,
And, like the great *Coloſſus* once again,
Cou'd leap o're Rivers and beſtride the Main,
That he could eaſily its ſtreames divide,
And into narrow channels force the tide,
I ſhould be thought impertinent to tell
That ſtory which he thought a miracle.

Thus long the body, hath my thoughts confin'd,
I now ſhall ſearch the nobler part, the mind,
my former verſe the huſk and ſhell deſcries,
Here all the treaſure, here the Jewel lies,
All that I ſaw before, methinks doth look

Juſt

Juſt like a preface to ſome learned book,
Which does ſome ſmall particulars recite,
To raiſe deſire and whet our appetite:
Now ſhou'd I look for raptures, and grow wity,
But 'tis enough to ſay 'tis *LONDONS* City,
That powerful word that makes the nations run
Hither like Perſians to adore the Sun,
The long miſtaken Jew's did all draw near,
And thought the great *Jeruſalem* was here,
And when they ſaw the richneſs of the place,
They all cri'd out, that this their *Canaan* was,
Here ſurely, without Map or travel we,
Judea and the Holy land may ſee,
Here doth the old religion flouriſh, here
The grapes, the milk, and honey to appear,
Here are not only rich, but good and wiſe,
Within their ſoules their nobleſt treaſure lyes,
Not like the Indians, who poſeſs the oare,
When the rich Arts are baniſh'd from their ſhore:
Their brave and wandring fleets, and boundleſs trade
Has more Geographers and learned made,
Than many Univerſities have done;
Thoſe ſee abroad, what they but think upon;
Drake by his travells did more honour gain,
Then they by all their induſtry and pain,
Witneſs his ſacred Reliques which I fear
Hath made poor *Oxford* Papiſt in her prayer,
Only in this ſhe differs, far more great
She thinks her own, then the rich Papal Seat:
Behold how all their glories do begin,

And

And think what nobler things there are within,
Obſerve how the aſpireing towers riſe,
And hold a correſpondence with the skyes.
Ludgate a Priſon, no that cannot be,
Here they live bravely uncontroul'd, and free,
Not that I'de ſay, as *Stoicks* uſe to do,
That ther's no priſons really, nor woe,
But 'tis opinion that doth make it ſo;
I am not fond of poverty or paines,
Or dote upon the Muſick of my chaines,
If that their fancy or their ſoul can Roam,
They ſay theyr'e not confin'd, or kept at home,
Here all the Priſoners have the common air,
And all their ſenſes here delighted are,
Here they have all the proſpect, all delight,
That often courts and raviſhes the ſight;
If men will raiſe their contemplation high,
Here's Subject great enough until they dye,
To touch and taſt, platonicks think it poor,
They love not to enjoy, but to adore,
As the wiſe Bee's their ſeveral ſweet's do take,
And Chymiſt like their fam'd Elixer make,
So they pick all the Beauties they can find,
And frame one great Idea in their mind,
Which is a ſubject great enough and fit
For all their contemplations and their wit:
Surely if Priſoners would but learn this way,
None would be leſs confin'd or vext then they.

My earneſt Muſe now wou'd her ſelf delight,

And

And with thoſe beautious objects feaſt her ſight,
But as ſhe paſſes through her curious Eye
Nothing but heap's of ruin doth deſcry,
Where the Great *Pauls* once ſtood, *Pauls* that was ſaid
In ſpight of *Rome*, the univerſal head,
The reſt like pariſh Churches were eſteem'd,
Pauls the Cathedral of the world ſeem'd
And though ſhe was by fire and fate ſuppreſt,
Yet ſtill lifts up her high and lofty head above the reſt,
When fate the worſt had done that it cou'd do,
The work men they are forc'e to help her too;
The Epheſian Temple was of ſmall renown,
When a poor private hand cou'd throw it down;
We're e're ſuch ſacrifices Known before
Whoſe loſs can make the world fee'l ſhe's poor,
Have you ſeen Churches on their Altars burn,
And the poor graves themſelves to want an urn,
You whoſe obſcure and narrow Acts can die
Muſt here for ever in oblivion lye,
Marbles wee ſee han't immortality';
Thoſe are the men, whoſe vertues death outbrave
And Kept their name and Image from the grave,
That the proud ſteple fell, I don't admire,
I feared the ſun wou'd ſet his head on fire,
And if't be true what *Ariſtotle* meant,
His Top was ſtill within his Element,
And ſurely truth her ſelf may own thus far,
She lifted many, 'bove the higheſt ſtar,
The Gyants Mountaines upon mountaines lay'd,
And thought their bold attempts could ne're be ſtay'd

He

He that to heaven wou'd mount, muſt not like they
Hill upon Hill, but Church on Church muſt lay,
Put *Paul's* on *Faith's* and that's the nobler way;
Where are the *Neſtor's* 'gainſt whoſe Eloquence,
Nor ſin nor Devil cou'd have found pretence;
Thoſe heavenly Orpheuſe's whoſe tongues could draw
Deucalions ſtubborn ſtones, and give them law,
They like the learned charming *Paul* could thus
Subdue the Savage beaſts of *Epheſus*
Like *Orpheus*, ſo underſtood all how
To draw whole trees of Lawrel to their brow,
But they did ſcorn applauſe, and much did fear,
Leaſt they *Tarpeia's* cruel fates ſhould ſhare,
And Sink beneath the burthen they ſhould beare;
Obſerve what place ſhe fills, ſtrangers wou'd ſay,
That there both Church and Pariſh ruin'd lay,
London, I'me ſure, is truly pious found,
She conſecrates the tenth part of her ground,
Methinks *I* cannot chuſe, but call to mind,
How wiſely this brave ſtructure was deſign'd,
The firſt and nobleſt work that e're was done
Religion had, this firſt was thought upon,
And with what happy Omens do wee riſe,
When God doth head us in our enter prize,
What though the Glories of our *Paul's* are fled,
And have with ſorrow hid their mournful head,
Thy hands brave City makes our joyes return,
Thy pious Zeal ſhall make her Altars burn;
The fire that firſt did make this diſmal wrack,
Repents, and now ſadly mourn's in black,

She brings her wealth that it might riſe with more
Glory and luſtre then it had before,
'Twas fire did firſt deſtroy this beautious frame,
And ſhall Reſtore her buildings and her name,
Newcaſtle ſhe ſends away all her coales,
That She might have a hand in building *Pauls*;
Unhappy war, now let thy fury ceaſe,
And reſtore home the little arts of peace;
Thou like the wormes on the dead doth prey,
And by corruption liv'ſt as well as they,
Thou ſure the only way has underſtood,
To make the old prodigious wonder good,
Thou turn'ſt not Rivers, but the ſea's to blood,
I thought thy greedy rage wou'd now expire,
We've given thee more then thou coud'ſt e're deſire,
Now let our *Pauls*, and ſtately buildings riſe,
And be a terror to our Enemies;
Surely ambitious States will now deſpair,
When they ſhall hear how brave and rich we are,
For they will ſay, what if we chance to meet,
And with a ſmaller loſs deſtroy their fleet,
Before that we a victors name can brag,
Another fleet ſhall make us ſtrike our flag;
The damage that we bring to them's no more,
Then pruning to a tree, which makes it ſoare,
And Raiſe its head more lofty than before;
The next deſigne that *London* thought upon,
After this great religious work was done,
Was how ſhe Schooles might build and learning raiſe,
Learning that props the Church, and Chiſme ſtayes,

No

No blinded Zeal, or feign'd prophetique ſights,
No Revelations, or miſterious lights,
Wou'd with their ſlender ſophiſtry delude
The factious and the giddy multitude;
If that we could theſe ſilly ſouls perſwade,
That reaſon, or that Learning never made
Religion more contemptible, ſure we
May hold this, and yet no Socinians be,
Some tow'ring wits, if ever in thy praiſe,
Moſt glorious City, they their fancy raiſe,
Streight way they mount and take ſo high a flight,
That nought but lofty Fabricks court their ſight,
They think their brains and head wou'd dizzy grow,
Should they look down on any thing below;
But yet if inward bravery is more,
Then all thoſe outward glories we adore,
This little School ſhall lift her head as high
As any Poets fancy e're could fly.
The wiſe and grave Philoſophers of old,
Knew no rich purple beds, or rooſes of Gold,
For to live well, they thought it more renown,
Then were the glit'ring *Ariadne's* crown;
All thoſe great myſteries, of which *Rome* tells,
Came from the *Cybells* melancholy Cells,
And the poor *Cynicks* Tub ſhall live with fame
Longer then the *Acropolis* his name,
I do not brag ſo much of what is ſeen,
We are rich without, but richer far within,
Our ſtately City has without controul,
The nobleſt body and the nobleſt ſoul,

Surely a grateful Soul can never miss
So famous and so sweet a place as this,
By which our new *Atlantis* peopled is;
First in this Stock the happy seeds are sown,
Until to fresh and lively plants they'r grown,
Then being transplanted strait they higher grow,
And like to tall and mighty Cedars shew,
Which rule the Vegetable world below:
How doth the sacred Sisters strive to gain?
How do the Colledges to entertain
Those hopeful Souls, that shall their names transmit
To after Ages in eternal writ?
Just as the Infidels thought those inspir'd,
That to the famous *Meccha* had retir'd;
So to on those, dear School, that come from thee,
Learning's entayl'd as sure as Land can be,
Who sayes the noise and tumult of the Town
Drives off the Learned and the peaceful Gown,
Did Learning live before at such a rate,
Or keep her Court in such great pomp and state,
She has got a Princely Title now of late;
Look on that Royal train, that hath done more,
Than the poor world has done so long before,
At hidden qualities the Ancients sticks,
Those Nature rob of all her cunning'st tricks,
Nothing shall now as hard and unknown come,
They follow her into her inmost Room,
In a great Circle first they ran about,
And with much pains found some small trifles out.
But these have found so strait and sure away,

That

That though we go but ſlow and ſometimes ſtay,
We'l find our journeys end as ſoon as they,
Nay I dare ſay that I have found from hence,
To know the difference betwixt words and ſence,
And not from verbal Metaphyſicks raiſe
T' inform my mind, but from what Reaſon ſayes,
See what great Folio's *Keckerman* affords,
And troubles our brains with ſtrange new minted words,
Let ſence and reaſon go where e're they will,
He'l ſwear for plotting *Ariſtotle* ſtill,
He gives us Nuts to crack, in which we gain
No happy Kernal to reward our pain;
The Brawney Dutch men here we ſoon confute,
We make their ſchools, but not their Cannons mute;
If on the Seas ſuch wars the Engliſh found,
The *Stagerite* would once again be drown'd;
Here is no private happineſs deſign'd,
Their Learning tends to enrich all mankind,
Let then no more thoſe idle Stateſ-men prate,
That Learning ruins both the Church and State,
Thoſe Royal Souls a braver way do ſhew,
That is the richeſt ſtate, that moſt doth know, (flow:
And that the ſoundeſt Church, where learning moſt doth
How like to *Phaeton* I pleaſe my ſighe,
With a too dazling, and too glorious light,
Away my Muſe, this is above thy quil,
Here thou mayeſt ſhew thy zeal, but not thy skill.
Go to *Cheapſide*, and ſee who dares deny,
The City doth not love Conformity,
Here all ambitious thoughts are laid a ſide,

They build their houſes with an Equall pride,
They'l all, or none, Surpaſs the world beſide;
In ſome great Cities, we ſome buildings ſee,
Look with the greateſt pride and Majeſty,
But here, ten thouſand pallaces are ſhown,
Here, nought but univerſal glories known;
See how all countryes here their preſents ſend,
That *London* ſtill may thrive and be their friend,
See how that *India* ſends away her gold,
See how ſhe beggs and Courts, that ſhe may hold
A correſpondence with her, as if trade
Thriv'd with her ſmiles and with her frownes did fade,
Obſerve what ſtately pieces dayly come
From the ingenious Babyloniſh Loome;
In all their Arras they this City frame,
And with their own, love to preſerve her name;
Sometimes they make her in bright flames to burn,
You'd think the hangings wou'd to aſhes turn,
Trembling far off the weeping women get,
I thought the Arras with their tears was wet,
Here they make ſome ſtand grapling with the fire,
Here ſome in haſt for water do retire,
To ſee with what great ſpeed they ſeem to run,
Turn but your back, you'd think the men are gone,
Here comes the uſurer with ſome pretious pack,
Groaning beneath the burthen of his back,
He who a crutch did long before uphold.
Now carries that and a great weight of gold;
Money like weights ty'd to a Jack had done
They ſtop not but they make him faſter run,

Cha-

Chariots and Coaches here their burthens take,
Whil'ſt the rich Gallant doth his pomp forſake,
Now are honours forc't to foot the ſtreet,
Juſtled and thrown by Porters that they meet,
This and much more their Kindneſſes impart,
Varyed with all their colours and their Art,
But ſhou'd I all thoſe curious figures name,
I ſhould forget the place from whence I came.

Some now will ſay, why doth his fancy Roam,
And paſs by *Mortlack's* far more ſtately loom,
We rich and glorious by our ſelves are made,
'Tis Charity makes *England* uſe her trade,
'Tis true; all that my careful Muſe hath done
Is but to ſhow, what fame abroad we'v won,
How all the world doth to this City flock,
How ſhe fills all, yet ne're exhauſts her ſtock;
Now willingly my curious Muſe wou'd ſtop,
And tell the glories of each private ſhop,
But leaſt my ſwelling book to bigg ſhould grow,
Paſs now along the ſtreets and look at Bow;
Great Bow, that through the world as well known was,
As Parian Marble, or Corinthan braſs,
No verſe was crav'd or any Trump of fame,
In its own Thunder, it proclaim'd its name,
Some Countries for their chamber muſick are
The viol, Lute, Trumpet Marine, Guittar,
With this they court ſome melting Ladies ſence,
And have nought elſe indeed, but impudence,
England did think ſhe cou'd do nothing well,

Until

Until Church Musick and the sacred Bell
Were well restor'd, nothing she thought compleat,
Till they had repossest their ancient Seat;
That Parish did religiously grow proud,
When theirs above the rest did sound aloud
Their Zeal, and would not give the least pretence
To sleeping idleness or impudence,
If that a *Drum* a Coward can excite,
He that before dar'd not to say he'd fight,
Pray, why then may not Bells too go as far
In Christian Battles, and our Holy War,
See to what bounds it doth extend its power,
It seems more like a mountain than a Tower,
Should Country Bells here all their clamours bring,
Without these walls we should not hear them ring;
My Verse doth only guess what it will be,
They that come after nobler things may see,
I've left too much for any pen to say,
The gleaning's more than I have drawn away,
He that shall hear those bells to ring aloud,
And see its Top still darken'd in a cloud,
He that shall see *Pauls* now thats mean and poor,
Rise far more glorious than she was before,
Must say my modesty did well submit,
And left a subject for a higher wit,
I would have staid, but it had been too bright
An Apparition for so weak a sight.

The next great thing, that to my view appears
Is the Law writ in golden Characters,

Guild-

Guild-Hall, where the rich company resort,
Where still magnificence doth keep her court,
Justices pallace, all thats great and good,
Westminsters model, much more understood
If that *Astrea* unto heaven be gone,
This is the last ground that she stood upon
From hence she took her mournful flight, for here
Her Image and her footsteps still appear,
No sure she's here, the Beauties off this place
Have call'd her down again from whence she was,
When with such cost we shew our Zeal and Love
Unto her name, how can she stay above,
How doth my Muse admire and gaze about,
At all those Beauties which she sees without?
How doth its gold reflect the suns bright flame?
And sends it back far brighter then it came,
Look on its Imagery, look on it's hight,
See how it dazles the Spectators sight,
When a far off such lustre I had seen,
I thought it one intire light had been,
I fancy'd 'twas Authentick, what of old
The fabulous and the pleasant Poets told,
Some Magick touch had turn'd the house to gold,
Here all the Countrey multitude draw nigh,
And stand astonisht at its gallantry,
When they go in with reverence and fear,
One say's good me, our County Judge is here,
And when they see the paint so lively shew,
They lore their hats and make an humble bow,
But when their ey'es the King and Prince survey,

They bluſh, look down, and ſoftly ſteal away,
And in their country brag, that they were where
His Majeſty, the Duke, and Judges were;
When I my ſelf the Royal piece did ſee,
I ſcarce forbore to bend my humble Knee,
Here Majeſty and vertue both appear,
Wiſdome, and Power, and all thats good ſtands here;
I thought that Art had found ſome unknown way,
And in its colours cou'd the ſoul diſplay;
The Pencil, then our verſe, doth draw more true,
We cannot write, as well as that can do,
We every image here more lively find
Imprinted then they'r in the cleareſt mind,
Is not that Image which ſtands next, the Dukes,
For it like Mars and fates commander lookes,
Yes ſure it is; the Pencil here proves true,
This is the utmoſt that it e're ſhall do;
If that the Dutch men chance to wander here,
How do they quake and tremble all with fear?
For though much ſweetneſs in his lookes they ſee
With *Cæſars* courage, *Cæſars* clemency,
Yet they cannot forget that dreadful day,
where millions ruin'd with great *Opdam* lay;
Look how his highneſs ſtands in Robes of peace,
How did the Painter wiſh that war ſhould ceaſe,
That he might not that pretious life expoſe
That is worth millions of his humble foes.

But can I paſs by that great prop of ſtate,
The guardian Angel that did Rule our fate,

Great

Great and wise *Bridgeman* who did all things well,
He that did more then a poor Muse can tell,
When that his merits and his Masters love
Had rais'd him up on high, he from above,
Did look with such a steady head and eye,
That all things, like course pictures he'd descry,
Better far of, then when they stood to nigh,
What history hath such men understood,
Who layes down honour when he's great and good;
Who did so well obey his Princes will,
Yet ne're did any thing the world calls ill:
With what great credit did this man retire,
How did this Nation and the world admire,
His vertue and his wisdome, to what age
Did he with great applause still keep the stage
And at the Play's conclusion found far more.
And truer plaudits, then he had before.
I know each Picture here doth well propose
A subject great enough for verse or prose,
He that grave learned periods wou'd create,
May out do *Fuller* in a *holy state*,
He that to Raptures and to verse would fly,
Let his loose fancy run up e're so high,
Here he may write, yet not like poets lie,
He that shall meanly but their *Acts* rehearse
Shall never write a low or humble verse,
All the great Plots that do in verse appear,
Are some small merits, or a Ladies haire,
Wisdome and wit stands here to every view,
You can't write dully if you write what's new,

Indeed I'm forc't to leave this glorious sight,
Least too much fulness should retard my flight,
If I should pamper up my Muse too high
She wou'd from gross and humble viands fly.

But hold what miracle doth now appear;
Who saw the law and Gospel e're so ne're;
The Prophet's great command is here made good,
Here the most sacred lines are understood,
Here we see Justice down, like water glide,
And righteousness run with a mighty tide;
Methinkes they like the sacred volumne look,
Two Testements make up the heavenly book;
The old though it takes up the largest ground,
Yet all the riches in the new are found;
In this we've pardon promised and grace,
Judgements and threatnings in the other place,
There God the Almighty Lord of host doth prove,
But here the God of comfort peace and love.

The Mayors Chappel.

When the Royal Imagery I find
Plac't o're the door methinks 'twas well design'd,
For all pretentions unto Zeal are vain,
If that we do not Loyalty maintain;
When that a stubborn soul sees his King there,
He enters in and joynes with us in prayer;
This is the only light by which we see,
The way to union and conformity,
Thy love, brave City, and thy Artful hand
Hath made him truly faith defender stand,

When

When thou ſuch Chappels giv'ſt, how can'ſt be poor
Heaven much greater doth thy gifts reſtore,
A pious uſury thy Tenants prove
They'l flouriſh here, and richer be above.
But now *I* do intend to ſtint my praiſe,
See what a noble private hand can raiſe,
See *Viners* monument, how in each thing
Doth he indeavour to preſerve his King;
If that this ſtatue was of no Renown
Can we forget 'twas he that made the Crown,
Where a more Publick Spirit ſhall we ſee,
Where more magnificence or Loyalty,
Look what is that that crowns the Royal brow,
Surely 'tis his hair, and there doth grow,
Can that a ſtone or ſtubborn marble be
Where we ſuch aiers and curious features ſee?
I think like Orpheus, ſome have touch't their lier,
And made the ſtones to do what they require,
Look on the horſe whereon the King doth ſit,
You'd think *He* foam'd and champ't upon the bit,
Indeed I thought that he did fret and fume,
Becauſe they gave his pride too little room,
See how he ſtands, ſee how his feet he rears,
As if he proud was of the load he beares,
When *Pallas*, the great Patroneſs of Art,
Wou'd to the Græcian counſellers impart
Away to ruin *Priams* houſe, and *Troy*,
And take revenge of the ambitious boy,
She makes a high and towring horſe of wood,
This was the hight of all ſhe underſtood,

And

And yet so well she could not make this out,
But that it made the Trojan Sages doubt,
What then are our Mechanicks? if this be
The utmost pitch of their Divinity,
If that their eyes this noble Statue had
Survey'd, who would they think had made
The marble bend to any form, their Eyes
Ne're saw so great a work come from the skies,
All that their Gods, and they did understand
Was less misterious than our Artists hand,
What is that Image? What's that Suppliant Stone?
That seems beneath its weight to sigh and groan,
That prodigy of old I'le now believe,
That Statues can a vocal Musick give,
Surely no Trope or Figure would appear,
If I should say the marble sheds a tear,
I thought that he as the old Poets meant,
When they sad *Niobe* did represent,
Had wept himself into this monument,
But can he beg so long, Doth this agree
With *Charles* his mercy, and his Clemency?
No sure he would have hearkened to his moan,
But that he was converted into stone:
With what sweet musick doth the water play,
Whilst that their Royal Lord will please to stay,
The Main not onely feels his influence,
But all the Rivers that do come from thence,
Neptune his tributary Prince, doth bring
His presents and pays homage to his King,
Look on the Fishes did you ever know

An

An Artful hand such prodigies to shows,
Nature's Inverted and the stones do flow,
I wou'd have put my hand in and have took,
A pretious banquet from the Christal brook,
But that I thought them priviledged fish;
And ne're condemn'd but to some Royal dish;
In vain indeed from hence I hop'd content,
That still disdain'd the watery Element,
'Tis wine that lifts my soul unto the skies,
Which the dull man's ne're doth until he dies,
And then 'tis with a dram with which his wife
Indeavours to recall his wandring life,
Viner forbids me longer here to stay
His nobler structures calls my Muse away
Some fear to flatter, but I fear to praise
When private hands such monuments can raise,
Can, nay that will, for if we any find
That have the power they want the generous mind,
I thought that some vast contributions might
Raise up this Church and make it look so bright,
But when great *Viners* hand was only there,
I thought that heaven had made him oversee't
Of all its sacred works, and did bestow?
Those many Talents for its use below
Surely his soul shall with his mony rise
And from his heaps of gold ascend the skyes,
Viner the only way hath understood
How wealth may make men eminently good,
When as I saw the grapes hang o're the door,
And view'd the Conduit which he rais'd before,

He imitates, said *I*, the Power divine,
And hath converted water into wine,
The Fathers heavenly grapes I dare alledge,
Shall never set his childrens teeth on Edg,
These shall with after Ages raise his fame,
And stand a lasting credit to his name,
Some Chappels for their families provide,
Not out of Zeal, but out of pomp and pride,
Preaching is there a secret, and No more
They'l spare that, then their victuals to the poor,
They think that raggs disgrace and taint their door,
But Viners favours, are, as they should be,
Sincerely good, diffusive, large, and free;
Some for the poor do Hospitals prepare,
He of the soul, the nobler part takes care,
His generous Spirit flies still at the best,
His glorious object's far above the rest,
They that to paines and poverty are driven,
Begin to think on happiness and heaven,
And least behind their lingring soul's shou'd stay,
His noble hand hath shown a certain way,
Some care not by what *Arts* or Plots, they thrive,
Though the disgrace shall after death survive,
The grave, say they, ne're hear's the angry breath,
Ther's nought but peace and quietness in death;
But he not any thing but good e're knew,
His leaves are water'd all with heavenly dew,
Surely this water sooner makes them spring,
Then that which any artful hand can bring,
How at the head of *Lumbard* street he stands,

And

And like a general all the place commands,
That place that doth outvie the Indian mine,
They bring the dross, but we the dross refine,
When honesty and riches both appear,
Who wou'd not say the golden age was here.

But now my fancy must away be hurld
To view the eighth great wonder of the world
This is the Centre of commerce for here
Nations from the circumference appear;
Here we see, point and meet the worlds extream's,
Just like the lines we see in printed schemes,
Pardon the word, the exchange is truly made
The golden university of trade;
The Irish, when they see that we provide,
A walk great as O *Neal's* or *Barry's* pride,
Great as that Nation, where each man doth bring
His Pedigree from some old Irish King,
Who have a holy land and nation been
Before old *Adam* had the new world seen,
The Pope, say they, that doth of us take care
Hath rais'd this noble structure by his prayer,
Or else *St. Patrick* by the selfsame way,
By which he did the poisnous creatures slay
Hath made the stones, his great commands obey,
Thus they nor I can't rightly understand,
How this could rise by a *Mechanicks* hand,
The *Spaniard* and the *French*, when here they come,
Are entertain'd more nobly than at home,
The great *E S* [illegible] or the famous *L O W E*

Can't show such walks, such buildings such a tower,
whose head like *Atlas* seem's to prop the skye
And is as glorious, and as rich as high;
It seem'd unnatural that all the year,
The Grashopper should on the topp appear,
Until my sence and reason made it good,
That 'twas still hot and Summer where it stood,
The stones are so well polisht and so fair,
You'd think that they all perfect mirrours were,
That did reflect their own and th'others light.
And with a thousand lustres court our sight,

But wher's the Imagry that should come next,
That Chronicle writ in Ægyptian text,
Great *Bakers* Book in short where we might see,
Our Kingdom's Royalest Antiquity:
Sure 'twas a wicked and presumptuous fire,
That cou'd against our sacred Kings conspire,
Whose Royal power tam'd where e're it went,
And conquerd the most stubborn Element,
But stay my Muse observe what riches dwell,
And lye enclos'd within this glorious shell,
Observe how from each Lady's charming eye,
Cupid) Doth let ten thousand arrow's fly,
I gaze and look although they wound my heart,
Tis an alluring and attractive smart,
I pluck't the quill to write from off the dart,
When from the first great conqueror I fly
Straight I am wounded by some other eye.
So when by change I think my self so please,

The Remedy is worſe then the diſeaſe,
But why do I only of eyes complain,
Each words an arrow and each hay'r a chain;
It ſeem's impoſſible to me, that men.
Should enter their, and e're come out again;
When thoſe ſweet Syrens tongues ask what you lack,
How can you chuſe but and here turn back,
Had I good ſtore of gold heare wou'd I ſtay,
Buying and Gently arguing all the day.
One ſingle look wou'd all my charge repay,
I'de buy out all her ſhop, and when that's paſt,
I'de buy her ſweet and beautious ſelf at laſt,
I Know their ſhops are gaudy, rich, and fair
But 'twou'd be idely done if I ſhould dare,
To name them when thoſe beautious ſoules are there
Lumbard ſtreet gold and Jewels I deſpiſe,
Compar'd with thoſe more glorious Gemms their eyes,
Thoſe the trne lively ſparks of heaven do prove
And repreſent thoſe glorious lights above
Man doth to us a little world ſeem;
Beauty a little heaven I eſteem;
To this and Muſick doth my fancy fly
When that I'de raiſe my contemplations high,
They explain beſt what is above the skye;

By them as ſome ſuperior being, we
Are driv'n to Reptures and an extaſie,
And by a ſerious contemplation may
Forget, we'r circl'd with a piece of clay;
This the Religious lovers us'd to do

And told us by experience that 'tis true.

I could ſpeak more but I am call'd away,
This is a dangerous Theme whereon to ſtay,
Now doth my lingring Muſe begin to tire
Her ſpirits are exhal'd with too much fire,
But I will on, for no man ere ſhall ſay,
In ſtorm's fat off from ſhore I ſoftly lay,
And now juſt at the ſhore am caſt away,
How hard's my fate if that like *Moſes* I
Do ſee my journey's end and then I die,
Thus long my careful verſe hath trac'd the fire,
And ſhall I now ingloriouſly retire,
Now I have found its head, this I'le ſurvey,
And then I'le end the buſineſs of the day;
Look on that Pyramid; that there ſhall ſtand
A long memorial to our mournful land,
When that with gold we've guilded o're our woe,
We ſoon forget what heaven's ſtrong hand can Doe;
We Scarce believe how that one word or breath,
Can cloud our glories, and our pride with Death,
Under his Lawrels who can ſafely lie,
When thunder or the angry flames ſhall fly;
No darkſom holes or Iron coverts may
Hide from the all ſeeing eye our golden clay,
When lightning comes this needs muſt melt away;
Since Heaven hath made us richer then before,
Let's not forget but that we once were poor;
I thought the aſhes like to graines were ſown,
And from the ſeed this monument had grown,

He

He that the Fire and *London*'s ru'nes e'er Knew
And now juſt after well rebuilt ſhall view,
He'd ſay that ſtones, and heavy marbles grew.
Some curious Reader now might well require
That I ſhould tell how high this will aſpire,
With all the *Hieroglyphicks* of the Fire;
But troth my Muſe hath got a heavy pack,
One pound-weight more wou'd break her tender back.
I knew at firſt the ſubject was too great,
Which made me not of ſome rich ſtructures treat:
I could have ſpoke of *Sutton*'s ſtately houſe,
What great reſpect his Charity allows
Unto the Reverend *Grey*, that it might come
With Joy and not with Sorrow to the Tomb:
This building teaches thoſe that are to die,
That they to Happineſs and Heaven draw nigh;
Thoſe that juſt at the Gates of Heaven ſtay,
And carry on their head the milky way.

Look there the fair and hopeful Youth appears
What happy Omens crown their growing years?
They're taught how from this place and glorious ſeat
To think on nothing, but what's Good and Great:
I cou'd ſome curious obſervations draw
From the wiſe Doctors of the World's great Law:
I cou'd have mention'd too that learned train,
That do perpetual War with fate maintain.
Death fears that they the Conquerors would be,
But that their generous Love and Piety

Wou'd not the Soul, that noble lodger wrong,
And keep her in this Earthen Gaol too long:
I cou'd have nam'd that Nurſery of War,
In which our ſprightly Youths inſtructed are;
That company, where you each man may call
A Captain, Leader, or a General:

I cou'd have ſaid, that I the Tower had ſeen,
The Crown, the Sceptre, and the Magazine,
The Guns, and Lyons wou'd my fancy ſtore,
Thoſe two great Engines which we hear to roar:
I cou'd have nam'd the Fleet, told who was made
The Miſtreſs and the Patroneſs of Trade
I could have told how the kind *Thames* doth flow,
What boundleſs Kindneſſes ſhe doth beſtow
Upon this Noble City; ſhe that is
The Grand Emperium and Metropolis
Of Chriſtendom; that hath the uſual Fate
Of Conflagrations to ariſe in State,
From calcin'd aſhes, Phœnix-like, much more
Glorious and Youthful, than ſhe was before;
Who now may ſafely challenge and defie
Old *Rome* in all her Glory; nay outvie
Her, when her conquering *Eagles* did expand,
Their fatal Wings over the Sea and Land,
As Monarch of the World: Happy in all,
That we poor Mortals, Happineſs may call;
Happy in Plenty, and in Health no leſs,
The Crown of ſublunary Happineſs,

Happy

Happy in Wealth (but but Domeſtick Jars)
The binding Sinews of diſjoynting Wars.
Happy in all things, cou'd we all agree,
In a Religious Uniformity.
We need not then ſtartle at Foreign Foes,
Invaſions fear, or all their downright blows,
Or Masked Pious Frauds, though Hell ſhou'd be
The damn'd aſſiſtant to their Policy.
But thrice thrice happy *London* in this thing,
That an incenſed and provoked King,
By ſtubborn Subjects is now reconcil'd,
Like an indulgent Parent to a Child,
That once did erre. Happy in one Lord Mayor,
Right Honourable Sheriffs too, a pair;
With many Corporations, who now ſee,
Their Ancient Privilege and Property
Reſtor'd, the Laws in their old Channel flow,
Heaven continue it for ever ſo.
Your Royal Predeceſſors heretofore
Did Ratifie, Confirm, Renew, Reſtore
This Charter to your Subjects, as they ſaw
Occaſion by their Acts and Statute-Law:
And you, dread Soveraign, have thought fit to do
The ſame in confirmation of them too.
In gratitude for your indulgent Care
Of all your Subjects, I put up this Prayer
To God, That he may pleaſe, hoping he will,
All Bleſſings on your Royal Head diſtil.
May *Love* and Charity, with downy Peace,
Within your Kingdoms more and more increaſe,

May

May all Diſſention, both in Church and State
Be baniſh'd; may the ſtubborn Reprobate
Be undeceived, and go no more aſtray;
May all the Natives of this Land obey
(As long as our moſt Sacred *Fames* ſhall ſway
Theſe Sceptres) Paſſively, in all things ſtill
Subſcribe to your Moſt Juſt and Royal Will:
Fear God, Honour their King, and live to ſee
The recompence of Bleſſed Unity;
Abandon Animoſity and Heat;
Malice and Rancour, may they have no ſeat
Within your Subjects breaſts, but live ſedate,
And may Affairs continue in this State,
Until the Sun gild's with his ſplendid Rays,
The winged Hours of the laſt of Days.
Being thus obliged by a Moſt Gracious King
To Duty and Obedience, which ſhall bring
Me to this Cloſe. And all can do no leſs,
Than at your Feet ſubmiſſively confeſs
That you in whom we all Confide and Truſt,
Merit the Title of *Great*, *Good* and *Juſt*;
And may Your Happy Days with good preſage
Equal in length the *Grecian Neſtor*'s Age.

FINIS.